MANY TRAGEDIES IN THE AIR

Attempts to Fly Marked by Martyrs to the Cause.

RECORD OF DISASTERS LARGE

Stimulus of Modern Inventions Produce Spectacular Disasters—Ambitious Experimenters Too Hasty for Safety.

From the beginning of experiments with airships, inventors and balloonists have shown the greatest courage in risking their lives for the advancement of aerial navigation. The disaster which cost Lieutenant Selfridge his life was one of a long series of tragedies marking the progress of airship invention. Many a daring balloonist and devoted inventor has literally given himself to the science he loved.

The recent impetus to aerial invention by the success of the Wright brothers and other well known aviators has stimulated the passion for aerial travel. As a consequence the number of accidents to aviators has greatly increased.

Tragedy as well as disappointment attended the wreck of the huge balloon of Captain Thomas L. Lovelace, an American aeronaut, at the Franco-British exposition grounds in London August 14 last. Miss E. Blanche Hill, the aeronaut's secretary, and a bystander were killed, three other persons were fatally hurt and a score seriously burned in the flames that shot from the torn gas bag. Fifty were injured in the panic that followed the explosion.

Spectacular Disaster.

A spectacular accident to a mammoth airship at Berkeley, Cal., on May 23 last, resulted in serious injury to sixteen men, who narrowly escaped with their lives. The airship, the invention of J. A. Morrell, was on its trial trip. In full view of 10,000 spectators it ascended 200 feet when it suddenly burst and dropped to the ground with its crew of sixteen men. Seven of them were severely injured and the other nine were bruised and cut. The accident caused intense excitement among the spectators.

The five engines of the mammoth craft were not put in operation until the airship was well under way, when two of them were set to working. Before the ship could be propelled further than a few feet the forward end tilted downward until the craft stood at an agle of 45 degrees, nose downward. The members of the crew were unable to run along the canvas pathway to equalise the weight and right the airship. They clung desperately to the netting and superstructure.

The rush of gas to the stern of the long gas bag caused the envelope to burst with a loud noise. Then the ship settled toward the earth. Some of the crew lost their heads and jumped. Morrell, the inventor, and several of the engineers were caught in the understructure and injured by the engines.

Racers' Narrow Escape.

Three men, the crew of the racing balloon Ville de Dieppe, had a narrow escape from drowning in the Whirlpool Rapids at Niagara Falls September 1. They were Captain A. F. Mueller, in charge of the balloon; Perry Gregory, 16 years old, and Gerald Gregory, 12 years old, son of C. F. Gregory of Chicago, secretary of the American Federation of Aerial club. The balloon had set sail from Columbus, Ohio, and ran into troublesome air currents over Lake Erie, where it dropped to within 250 feet of the lake's surface.

Ballast was throw out, and when the craft reached Niagara it was practically without ballast. Captain Mueller attempted to make a landing, and tried to release the gas with the rip cord. It failed to work properly, with the result that the big bag dragged along for 1,000 feet.

An ancor caught in a clump of trees and snapped from the balloon, which rose and fell alternately. The basket dragged over railroad tracks, struck a barn, and finally landed at the Devil's Hole, 200 feet from the gorge. Both the Gregory boys were seriously hurt.

Count Zeppelin's Loss.

Inventors have lost fortunes and been reduced to poverty by injuries to airships. The accident to the Zeppelin balloon, August 5, 1908, is an instance of the disappointment which so frequently awaits the would-be aviator.

After spending an immense fortune in an endeavor to conquer the problem of aero flight, at the moment of his great triumph in the navigation of the air, Count Von Zeppelin's airship was destroyed by lightning during a storm at Echterdengin, near Stuttgart. For more than twenty-four hours, with just two descents to remedy minor defects, the German airship has continued its flight from Lake Constance to Mayence and back. When just a little north of Stuttgart, at 8 o'clock in the morning, a further descent was made for repairs.

While the men were working to remedy the defective machinery a thunderstorm burst, the wind tore the airship from its moorings, hurling it in a southeasterly direction. It had barely traveled fifty wards when it was struck by a flash of lightning. The vessel suddenly plunged earthward, there was a terrific explosion, followed by a column of flame, and the airship, which had become the pride of the German nation, vanished into space, leaving its inventor a broken-hearted and ruined man.

One of the most remarkable escapes from death in aeronautical history was that of Gail Robinson, who sails the Knabenshue airship, at Springfield, O., July 13, 1907. Robinson fell 800 feet, the only mark of his experience being a small scratch. Every one of the bystanders who witnessed his ascent expected to see Robinson dashed to a pulp. At first his machine shot downward so rapidly it was difficult for the eye to follow him. As he neared the earth the machine slowed up, and he reached ground safely.

When the people flocked to the wrecked balloon, thinking to find Robinson a corpse, he was coolly lighting a cigarette.

Fell to His Death.

On September 3, Charles Oliver Jones, a well-known aeronaut of Hammondsport, N. Y., who was a personal friend of Lieutenant Selfridge, fell a distance of 500 feet to his death. Jones had been at the fair grounds with his dirigible balloon, Boomerang, which was known as a Strobel airship. He made an ascent in the afternoon. When the balloon reached a height of about 500 feet, the bag suddenly caught fire. Jones fell with the frame of his motor, and when the spectators reached him, he was lying under it. The gas bag was completely destroyed.

It was Jones who evolved the famous "June Bug," which made several record flights for short distances. The "June Bug" won the Scientific American trophy, offered for heavier-than-air machines, attaining a speed of about thirty miles an hour against the wind.

Two of the pioneers in aerial flight who gave their lives in the effort to evolve practical flying machines were Lilienthal, a German scientist, who was killed in the summer of 1896, and M. Pilcher, another student of aeronautics, who met death about the same time. Lilienthal's aeroplane, known then as a "gliding machine," furnished the first model for the Wright brothers.

The balloon Queen Louise, which started with two other balloons from Columbus, O., August 28, with Lieutenant J. J. Bennett of the British army balloon corps, as pilot, and accompanied by Thomas L. Sample, was picked up in Lake Erie the following afternoon. Owing to a defective valve, the pilot was unable to keep the balloon afloat. The two passengers and the balloon were taken aboard the steamer Mohegan, near which it fell.—Washington Post.

MAN OF FALLEN FORTUNE

His Opinion of His Fellow Man as Drawn from Hard Experience.

"Losing one's money," said the man of fallen fortunes, "is not without its compensating comforts; for instance, in the discovery of one's real friends.

"When I was rich I never knew for sure whether a man, being rich, was drawn to me because I was rich also or whether, being poor, he was drawn to me because he thought I could help him. But it was easy to tell after I had lost my money.

"The proudest gratification that I got then I found in the loyalty of my family. One and all they stood by me with a gentle sympathy and unfaltering devotion that has continued to the present moment and that I know will never fail—my strongest and most encouraging support.

"And then I began to make discoveries about my friends, to discover which were fair weather friends, which were friends only when I could help them and which were friends through thick and thin; and I found friendliness to exist as a bedrock enduring quality in rich and poor alike.

"There is this to be said about the rich man and his money. When a man has made money he hates to give it up. But I have known rich men who proved themselves stalwart staying friends indeed; who gave though the chances of the money ever coming back to them—if they thought of that at all—must have seemed very slim; men who gave with a prompt readiness that took all the sting out of the necessity of asking, and a willingness that was of itself most helpful and cheering.

"And then while I have had men drum me for small debts which I was able to pay off only very slowly I have had men to whom I owed bigger debts say to me—and this out of sheer kindliness and friendliness to me—to take away from me a burden: 'Forget it old man; don't worry yourself over that. We'll just simply cross that off the books and call it square.' And—and this is not the least of the things that have solaced me—there are men, rich men and men not rich, with whom my relations in another day were friendly, who have treated me always ever since personally just the same, with absolutely unbroken kindness and consideration.

"So my misfortune has revealed to me friends whose real friendliness I might otherwise not have known; and the world seems kinder to me than it did before. We must all look out for ourselves; self-preservation is the first law of nature; but still the fact remains that the run of men are a pretty good lot, ready to help their neighbor.

"It remains only for a man to help himself; and by all this kindness to me, emboldened anew, I am, I confide to you, and with prospects most cheering, now making another try at fortune."—Washington Post.

SOMEBODY TICKLED HER LEG

Operations of "Jack the Tickler" Give Pittsburg Women Several Thrills.

"Billy, wake up! Somebody is pulling my leg!" said pretty Mrs. William Falck of McClure and Kleber avenues, Pittsburg, about 3 o'clock one morning last week, as she sat up in bed and pounded her sleeping spouse with her fist.

"Go to sleep again; you're dreaming," said the husband, who is head clerk in the department of highways and sewers of the North Side, and who is a sound sleeper. But Mrs. Falck was too wide awake to go to sleep again, and as she lay awake she soon saw a man's hand come through the window again and felt it tug at the bed clothes once more. She screamed and rolled her husband out of bed to get him awake, and Falck finally got to the window in time to take a shot at a man as he flew over the back fence. There was a ladder leaning against the house, and the burglar had taken with him a long-handled rake with which he evidently intended to hook clothing from the inside of a room as he stood on the ladder outside the window.

It was evident that he had been tugging at the bed clothing in order to see if the occupants were sound sleepers, but Mrs. Falck yet declares that the intruder first tickled the soles of her feet, then later grabbed her by the ankle. The woman fainted after the burglar had gone and is now in a serious condition from nervous shock.

Falck reported the matter to the police, and then came out a weird and wonderful succession of complaints from different parts of the North Side.

It appears that for more than one month now complaints have been registered daily by women that someone had entered their room in the night and awakened them by tickling the soles of their feet. In some cases this "Jack the Tickler" took nothing from the house, but in most cases he had already cleaned up pretty nearly everything that he could carry and as a farewell he could not resist the temptation to tickle the soles of the pretty pink feet which were perhaps peeping from under the coverlet.

The police department says it has not made public half the reports of this nature which have come to it regarding this "Jack the Tickler" because the women who had been tickled begged it not to, but so terrified have some of the women become that they are now sleeping with revolvers under their pillows.

Instructions have been sent from headquarters for the entire police force to watch for anyone that looks like their description of "Jack the Tickler."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

RELIC OF INSURANCE SCANDAL

John McCall's Marble Palace Becomes Home of Millionaire Club.

"Shadow Lawn" and its marble palace, the projected home of John McCall, former president of the New York Life Insurance company, and almost completed when disaster and death came to the insurance magnate, is now the club house of the Brooklawn Country club, composed of millionaires. "Shadow Lawn" cost $1,000,000. It is near Long Branch, and the thunders of the stormy Atlantic echo in its marble halls.

There is no other club anywhere in the world that has so imposing a home—none that has such a spread of acreage. The land alone cost $100,000. Originally farm land, it underent, at the behest of McCall, a metamorphosis more marvelous than the transformations wrought by fabled Aladdin with his wonderful lamp.

Greensward, sweeping broadly, a restful and seemingly boundless delight to the eye, embraces within its verdant vistas lakes that are green-blue gems, relieved by the white and gold of chalice lilies.

The club house rises up, enduring in its marble whiteness amid the solidity of the granite pillars that bound the estate, a place of admirable loveliness, its broad piazzas, its many balconies, its roof garden and its promenades affording inimitable views of the countryside, inspiring to day dreams with its visions of the ever mutable sea.

At night stately electric standards light the ways, with great Italian lanterns, in bronze, glowing at the porte-cochere.

The reception hall, in Italian renaissance and hung with Nile green silk, richly embossed, gives upon the great central court, soaring to a superb glass dome at the roof, sixty feet above. It is in reality a vast apartment, 70x80, whence springs the flying stair, twenty-five feet in width, which rises to the mezzanine floor that served the first owner as a lounging room.

To the right and left the stair ascends up to the promenade balcony on the second floor, with a second promenade surrounding the court on the third floor, the two promenades affording access to the suites of sleeping apartments, each with its bed room, dressing room and bath.

A soft ivory tone predominates throughout the great hall, tinting the large, sustaining, fluted pillars and the many arches and balustrades. At the right and left are immense fireplaces, framed under mantels of deeply toned mahogany, twelve feet in width and fifteen in height. The woodwork throughout is mahogany—the bookcases included, which are built into the wall—while the electric lighting is in fixtures of pale green Pompeian bronze, with amber glass shades.

There is a noble dining room opening from the left, its dimensions being 30x40 feet. The heavily beamed ceiling is ivory tinted. The walls, above the high wainscoting, are paneled in silk of royal blue, the same rich color showing in the tiles of the mantel, while portieres of blue silk and leather screens in blue carry out the harmony of the scheme.

Across the hall are the drawing room and billiard room. They are in striking contrast with each other, in beautiful consonance with their respective uses.

The drawing room, in Nile green, silver and ivory, with its large mirrors, its mantelpiece in Italian renaissance and its exquisite cabinets of bric-a-brac, is almost femininely delicate in its air of dainty elegance.

The billiard room, nearby, is virile in the impression it gives of strength and solidity. It has the old English Gothic design, in oak of dark green hue, with the walls hung in red tapestry. The woodwork is elaborately carved, the ceiling heavily beamed. At the fireplace colonial andirons stand, with a generous log basket, both in hammered brass.—Philadelphia North American.

Billions in Mud Banks

(Continued from Page One.)

are habituated—that is, the problem which is yet to be solved.

One of the best known systems devised thus far employs a floating barge, eighty feet long, sixteen feet beam and six feet deep, on which is housed all the apparatus used. The advantage of the barge is that it utilizes the water and which naturally forms as a bog is cut into, pushing its way from side to side.

At one end of the scow are screw excavators eleven feet in diameter. Dredging is done to a depth of about six feet in a channel fifteen feet wide.

The material delivered aboard the barge is picked over by hand to remove sticks, pebbles and large impurities and is then elevated by chains and buckets into a hopper. The material is finally delivered into a trough fitted with fixed knives. When the peat is sufficiently dry it is cut into regular blocks and is ready for use.

Many peat briquettes of one form and another have been placed upon the American market in comparatively small quantities in the last few years. A hard block lozenge-shaped briquette about three inches in diameter and one inch thick has been made and sold by a company whose headquarters are in Chicago. A Massachusetts company for a time manufactured a synthetic coal out of a mixture of peat and petroleum, with bituminous pitch used as a bind.

In Canada a compressed peat fuel has had considerable use, as, for instance, at the power house of a Toronto street railway company, from which it is reported that the heat produced is more intense than that of coal, though somewhat deficient in lasting power. It is further alleged in favor of briquetted peat that it burns without smoke, soot, dust or clinkers and that it saves wear and tear on the furnaces.

In spite of all such nice things said about black muff as an understudy of coal the fact remains that it continues to play a very minor part in the drama of American industry.

No trust, so far as is known, is getting options on the bogs. There has not even been an approximately accurate appraisal of the extent of the vast reserve of power represented in the swamps and salt marshes of the country. When the late Prof. Nathaniel S. Shaler of Harvard university made a report on the subject to the Geological Survey in 1895 he gave in detail some very instructive information about the formation, growth and geographical distribution of peat bogs in the United States, but he ventured no guesses as to the number of tons of combustible material.

Perhaps the amount is beyond all computation, especially as the southern swamps and marsh lands, which, from the absence of sphagnum moss are composed of a mud that is not technically peat, are, nevertheless, full of fuel possibilities. It is known, for instance, that the Great Dismal Swamp in Virginia contains about 1,000 square miles with an average depth of fifteen feet of pure vegetable matter. Upward of 20,000,000,000 cubic yards of material, representing probably when prepared at least 5,000,000,000 tons, could be taken from this hole alone.

New Jersey and the New England states, sections deficient in local supply of anthracite and bituminous, have especially rich deposits of this coal in the primary process of formation, and these are all the time increasing in richness, for bogs, unlike coal mines, improve with age. As long ago as 1880 Prof. Edward Hitchcock in his geological report of Massachusetts announced that in fifty towns of the Commonwealth 80,000 acres or 125 square miles were covered with peat to an average depth of six feet, and that these deposits should yield about 180,000,000 tons of fuel. The great quantities of combustible peat were found in digging a subway is a matter of recent metropolitan memory.

If It Were.

Walter J. Travis, golfing at Rye, sympathized with a friend's story of a drunken caddy.

"It is amazing," said Mr. Travis, "how people with resious responsibilities on their shoulders—butlers, engineers, caddies and so on—will get drunk.

He smiled.

"A lady I know," he went on, "came down stairs to see the flowers on the eve of a large dinner, and found her butler staggering about the dining room, with red eyes and disordered hair.

"The man dropped a cut glass bowl and laughed, and his mistress cried indignantly:

"'Good gracious, Parker, you're drunk!'

"The butler, with a silly smile, said, soothingly:

"'Don't be alarmed, ma'am. It ain't ketchin'."—New York Sun.

FIRST BOYCOTT ON RECORD

Unique "Club" Goes Back Several Centuries, When English Weavers Leagued Against Scotch.

The trade boycott is by no means of as recent origin as some people suppose, nor is it of Irish extraction. Among the early boycotts which strongly suggest the modern institution is one that hails from North England, and is chronicled in Brand's "History of Newcastle." This has its inception in a dread of Scotch competition. On August 31, 1527, in the corporation of weavers in Newcastle a number of regulations were adopted, among them that "no member should take a Scotchman to apprentice, or set any of that nation to work, under a penalty of 40 shillings." More than this, to call a brother "Scot or mansworn" involved a forfeit of 6 shillings 8 pence, "without any forgiveness."

The canny Scotch doubtless did not delay to pay back the English in kind, but it is nearly two centuries later before any record appears of the extent to which this commerical feud raged between the two peoples or as to the reprisals that were made by the "blue bonnets over the border."

In 1752 a sort of covenant was entered into by the drapers, mercers, milliners and other tradesmen and shopkeepers of Edinburg to cease all dealings with commercial travelers from England, then called "English riders." The language of this covenant runs: "Considering that the giving of orders or commissions to English riders, or clerks of English houses, when they come to this city tends greatly to the destruction of the wonted wholesale trade thereof, from which most of the towns in Scotland used to be furnished with goods, and that some of these English riders not only enhance the said wholesale trade, but also correspond with it and sell goods to private families and persons at the same prices and rates as if to us in a wholesale way, and that their frequent journeys to this place are attended with high charges, which consequently must be laid on the cost of those things we buy from them, and that we can be as well served in goods by a written commission by post (as little or no regard is had by them to the patterns or colors of goods which we order them to send when they are here), therefore, and for the promotion of trade (1), we hereby voluntary bind and oblige ourselves that in no time coming we shall give any personal order or commission for any goods we deal in to any English dealer, clerk or rider whatsoever who shall come to Scotland."

To this document, with its native pretense that it is for "this promotion of trade," is added an obligation to have "no dealings with any people in England who shall make a practice of coming themselves or sending clerks or riders into Scotland." The penalty for violating this agreement was set down to be £2 2s for every offense.

It is to be remarked that among the signers of this document, well to the top, was the name of James Beveridge. Perhaps this doughty protectionist of 156 years ago was an ancestor of our own Senator Beveridge.—Indianapolis News.